

known publisher of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE and other popular publications. He began with the proposition that the advertising agent could not have two clients and serve both of them with equal fidelity, when one is the buyer and the other the seller of the commodity involved in the transaction. He concluded that the advertiser is the real client, and that the agent is his trusted representative, and, as such, is entitled to proper remuneration for his services. It followed, Mr. Munsey held, that it was not the obligation of the publisher to pay the agent for services rendered to the advertiser. Mr. Munsey said that the existing system, by which the advertiser and the publisher both paid the agent for his services, led to immoral conditions, and gave the owner of a publication who was willing to resort to underhand methods, to false statements of circulation, and to generous rebates, commissions, and bribes to the advertising agents, an undue advantage over the honest publisher even of a newspaper or magazine of unquestioned circulation and power. No one will deny that Mr. Munsey presented some powerful truths in his address. With the courage that has marked his career as a publisher he has followed his challenge by the declaration that after the close of this year all commissions now paid by him to advertising agents will cease. Mr. Munsey has no quarrel with any one. He concedes that the services of the agent are indispensable, but he insists that the advertiser who engages this service, and not the publisher, should pay for it. It is a great thing to have convictions. It is a greater thing to have the courage to carry them out. Mr. Munsey has both. His convictions have usually been right, and experience has been their best vindication. But we are within reason when we say that he is about to put them to the severest test they have ever experienced, and the journalistic world will anxiously await the results of his unexpected and far reaching new departure.

Here is the way another editor views it—
an Alabama editor:

The reading public owe a lasting debt of gratitude to Mr. Frank A. Munsey, the pioneer of low priced magazines. By his aggressive courage thousands of people are to-day privileged to enjoy for ten cents per copy periodicals which are marvels of artistic and literary merit. In our modest opinion Mr. Munsey deserves a place in the front ranks of famous educators of the world, for he has opened wide the doors of the great library of current literature and art to the masses.

Perhaps few ever stop to think what courage of conviction and determination of purpose has been required to fight and win this battle. We note with pleasure that Mr. Munsey has begun a fresh crusade, which is of special interest to publishers of magazines and papers alike.

His new move is a reform in the right direction, and again Mr. Munsey has the courage to furnish in himself a leader in a battle which will be hard fought, but when won, of lasting benefit to all publishers.

The following letter from the house of R. H. Macy & Co. bears on this theme. It shows the evils of the bribery system in other lines as well as in the advertising agency system. For this reason I have selected this particular letter to print in these columns.

NEW YORK, December 9, 1898.

MR. FRANK A. MUNSEY, New York.

MY DEAR SIR:

Mr. Nathan Straus read your Sphinx Club address—every word of it. He handed it to me with the request that I read it, which I did. Your summary

against the commission evil is comprehensive and strong. The arguments are unanswerable. Your presentation of them has the ringing eloquence of sincerity and right. We believe you'll win out.

For forty years R. H. Macy & Co. has had to fight the commission octopus. Competing houses offer "inducements" for the influence of ministers, teachers, dressmakers, coachmen, butlers, and others. We steadfastly and persistently refuse to allow such commissions. A dressmaker, or coachman, or butler, who buys for an employer, according to our notion, should not be paid by us. Our declination to give the agent a rakeoff is based on principle. In scores of instances our positions on this subject are analogous. We admire the spirit and honesty of the stand you've taken, and predict that you'll cross the commission Alps without encountering any more serious danger than the "frosts" of interested agents.

We want our ad. in the next issue of MUNSEY—about quarter of a page. Write us at once regarding rate and position, and state when the copy must be sent in.

Wishing you success, I am,

Very truly yours,

I. S. JONAS, Adv. Manager.

* * * *

There is not the slightest question but that we shall maintain our position, and there is not the slightest question but that we shall still continue to carry advertising in our publications. And we shall carry it because we will give advertisers more genuine circulation for a given sum of money than they can buy in any other magazine or combination of magazines.

* * * *

Not in the sense that we are suffering for a larger circulation, but because a great big increase in circulation would sustain us in this war on the advertising problem as nothing else could, I am going to express the wish that every reader of this magazine—you individually—will do all you can, something at least, towards widening the circulation of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. If each one of you were to influence some one person not now taking MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE to take it regularly hereafter, either from news stands or direct from this office, we should run up in a single month a circulation of 1,300,000 copies.

* * * *

I am going to repeat in substance what I said last month, namely, that I want to see the time come, and come speedily, when every family everywhere will make the magazine a part of its home life—not necessarily MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, but some good magazine. This will mean more culture, broader information, better citizenship, and happier lives.

The fact is, there isn't a family anywhere—I don't care how much money means to it—that can afford not to exchange ten cents a month for the superb magazine this little bit of money will buy today.

And now for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether at widening the field of magazine readers.

ETCHINGS

TURNING A NEW LEAF.

TWELVE months again have rolled around
The time has come, in brief,
When chaps like me are duty bound
To turn another leaf.
So, meditating thus, I find
'Tis needful that I stop
And designate within my mind
What habits I shall drop.

I will not smoke. Won't I? Let's see.
This surely's not the worst
Of all my faults. Accordingly
I'll take the others first.
I couldn't stop it anyhow—
I've failed to times galore.
Perhaps I'd better tackle now
A job not tried before.

I don't drink much—a special brew—
A glass when with a friend.
I reckon I'm not called on to
So slight a folly end.
And cards—oh, pshaw, I never lose!
I have such luck, you know.
And therefore why should I refuse
To play a hand or so?

I win my bets—a habit I
Would be a chump to quit.
My slang would not annoy a fly;
I hardly swear a bit.
What else—yes, what? Well, you can smile,
But I am free to say
I think of nothing that's worth while
To drop on New Year's Day.

Edwin L. Sabin.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

CUPID made a New Year's call—
Bless him for the fancy!—
Took his bow and arrows all,
Went to call on Nancy.

Brown and I were sitting there—
Awful bore that Brown is—
Told her she was "wondrous fair."
Brought her box of Lowney's.

"Beastly weather," murmured he
From the other corner.
"Sweetheart, take this rose from me;
Bless for ay the donor.

Take it, you will find my heart
Buried in its petals."
Whispered I. Said Brown the smart,
"Twill rain before it settles."

Nancy took my rose from me,
Softly bent and kissed it;
Brown sat where he couldn't see—
Just as well he missed it!

Through the window stole the sun.
"Rain?" said Nancy. "Never!
I am sure it has begun
Thus to shine forever."

"Hope so," murmured luckless Brown.
Will he thus, the stupid,
Visit us when we're in town
Housekeeping with Cupid?

Ethel M. Kelley.

SYLVIA AT THE TEA URN.

THERE'S a trim little house at the bend of the
street,
Where the lace at the windows is snowy and
sweet;
And it's thither I wend, to that magnet-like
door,
When the silvery chimes in St. Mary's ring
four;
For four is the hour that sounds gay as a
song
When Sylvia pours the Formosa Oolong!

'Tis a picture to see her bend over the urn—
Her slender white wrist with its delicate
turn,
The violet depths of her eyes, and the glint
Of the gold in her hair that is matched by
no mint;
And then her rare smile! Oh, what rap-
ture dreams throng
When Sylvia pours the Formosa Oolong!

The light in the room is so soft and sub-
dued,
Just suited, I ween, to a bachelor's mood;
And the voice, ah, the voice of the tea mak-
ing maid
Has the low laughing lilt of a brook in the
glade!
Sooth, life is all joy, and the world holds no
wrong
When Sylvia pours the Formosa Oolong!

Clinton Scollard.

RING IN THE NEW!

WE sat and watched the old year die,
Before the fireplace broad and high,
With embers all aglow.
Outside the night winds blew their will
On plaintive flute and whistle shrill
For dancing flakes of snow.